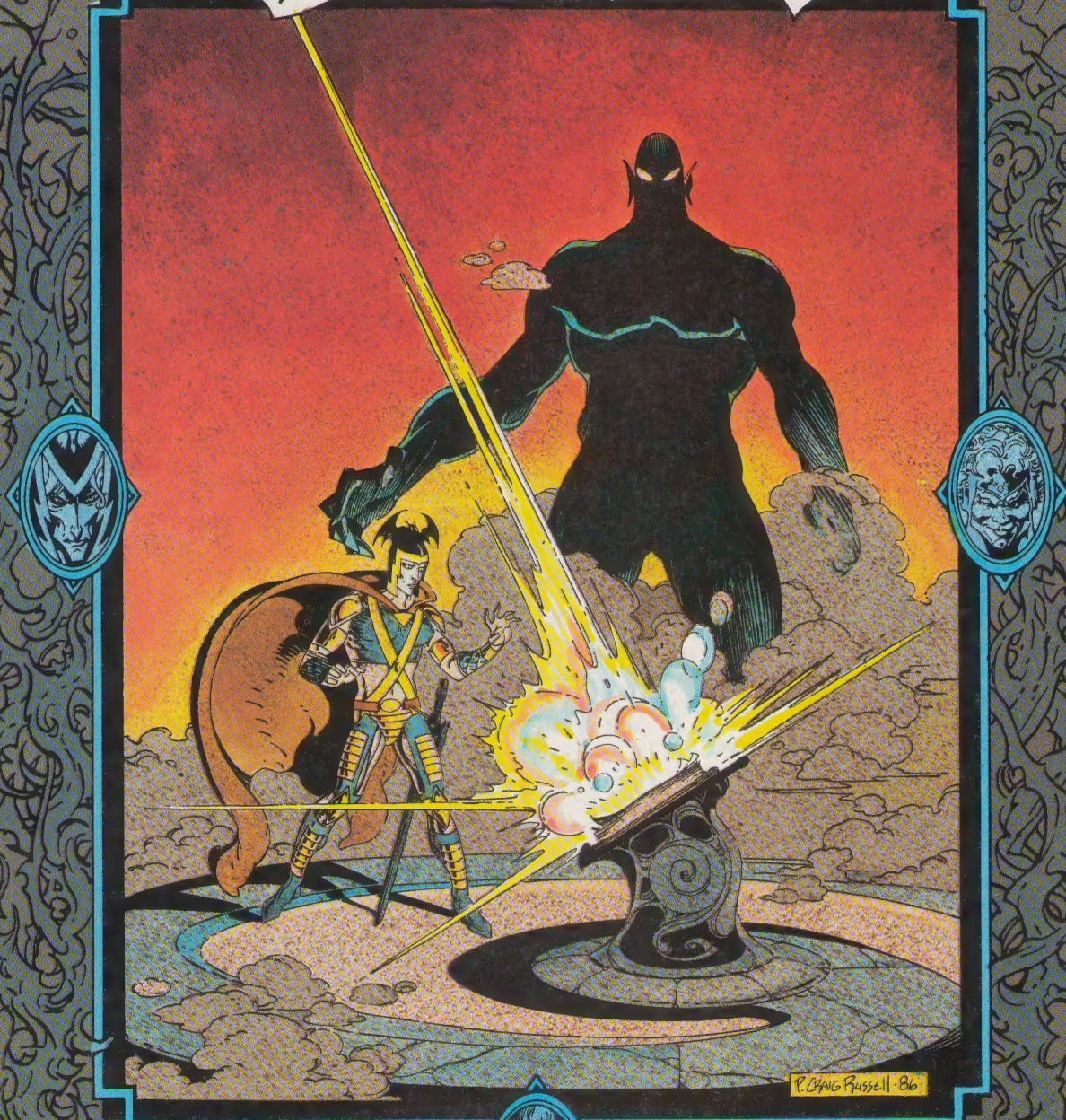
FIRST COMICS LIMITED SERIES NO.3 of 5

MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S

# ELRIC

## Weird of the White Wolf

FEB. NO. 3 $1.75 $2.45 CANADA




ROY THOMAS · MICHAEL T. GILBERT
P. CRAIG RUSSELL · GEORGE FREEMAN

# Melnibonean Mailbox!

435 N. LASALLE, CHICAGO, IL 60610

This book is the work of many hands, and is thereby enriched. So to let you know whose hands did exactly what, here's a run down:

**Roy Thomas**
Co-adaptor/script pgs. 1-28.
**Michael T. Gilbert**
Co-adaptor/layout pgs. 1, 17-28.
**George Freeman**
Finished art pgs. 1, 17-28.
**Ken Bruzenak**
Letters pgs. 1, 17-28.
**P. Craig Russell**
Art pgs. 2-16, colors pgs. 1-28.
**Tom Orzechowski**
Letters pgs. 2-16.

Now on to your letters...

Dear First,

I'm just dropping a quick note to tell you that, with Elric: Weird of the White Wolf #1 I found the art to be fantastic, the coloring amazing, and the letters to be great as well.

I've just one question that I think all of us lovers of Elric would love to know the answer to: How do you pronounce the names and places you mention? I have yet to see any comic book print a pronunciation guide. If I were to print a comic book, a guide would be the first thing I'd include. Hell, my friends and I still argue over whether you pronounce Melnibone´ as "Mel-ni-bone´" or as "Mel-nib-o-ne´." So please, the next time you talk to ol' Michael, ask him to deliver a list of phonetic spellings for the characters and places mentioned in the first three books.

Chris Romano
16907 Avenida de Santa Ynez
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

*The first thing you'd include is a pronunciation guide, huh? I have enough problems worring about spelling the names, much less saying them. I'm afraid you're on your own.*

Dear Elric,

You guys almost "runed" Elric: WWW #1 with the hidden messages on the swords. "Arthur Conan Doyle"?

Daniel W. Boone
2600 Oak Street
Vicksburg, MS 39180

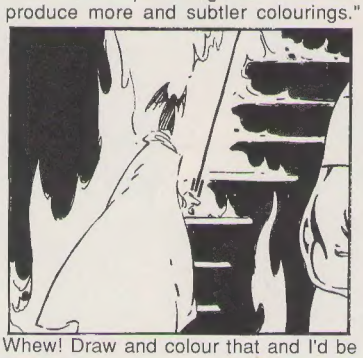
*It is a strange irony that the only person that wrote about the swords runes, should be named after a famous pioneer/explorer. Is that really your name?*

Dear Adaptors,

Weird of the White Wolf #1 is my first exposure to the whole Elric comics series -- bit of a silly place to start really, an Elric comic that doesn't include Elric, but it's -- ahem -- interesting to compare the adaption with the original.

To begin: the cover, which appears to depict Our Hero and two friends auditioning for a guest appearance in Elfquest II. Obviously hoping to share in all that sex and violence. Best of luck, fella.

Anyhow, moving on rapidly to the actual adaptation. First, there's the artwork which I wasn't exactly overwhelmed by (sorry, George), and then the coloring: ditto (ditto). Well, I don't want to be a wet blanket, but just compare the artwork to Moorcock's description: "Its walls were high of thick granite with towers; a dense field of towers, grouped so as to shadow one another...the lowering sky cast a strange, deep-yellow light against the western sides of the towers, intensifying the blackness untouched by it. Huge billows of blue sky rent the general racing greyness above, and mounds of red cloud crept through to blend and produce more and subtler colourings."



Whew! Draw and colour that and I'd be impressed.

I could also quibble over the character designs. Aubec is okay -- I guess, but the "lovely" Queen Eloarde is anything but, and Myshella has a chin that looks as if it's been through a pencil sharpener.

What about the adaptation? Well, mostly it's not bad; at least it follows Moorcock's descriptive prose and dialogue quite clearly, although some of the subtler stuff, like Aubec's conviction that mysterious phrases often conceal simple truths, has been omitted in favour of running-and-jumping type material. And then on page 28 we reach an ending... sort of. I can only assume that you were all so engrossed in the fight with the golem that you didn't notice you were running out of pages. After all, the story was originally titled "Master of Chaos," which is a sort of subtle hint that the original ending was the whole point. You should be glad Mike Moorcock is alive and well, otherwise he'd be turning in his grave.

Enough already. I know you lot are making a genuine effort to introduce a bit of maturity into the comics field, and gods know there's precious little of that right now. Still...can't win 'em all,guys.

Lee Mendham
17 Chalk Pit Hill
Chatham, Kent
England

**NEXT ISSUE:** **Roy Thomas, Michael T. Gilbert** and **George Freeman** continue their adaptation of *The Singing Citadel.* Elric accompanies an ambitious queen to a castle even the gods of Chaos avoid.

Happy Halloween.

--Laurel Fitch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**Laurel Fitch, Editorial Coordinator**
**Alex Wald, Art Director**
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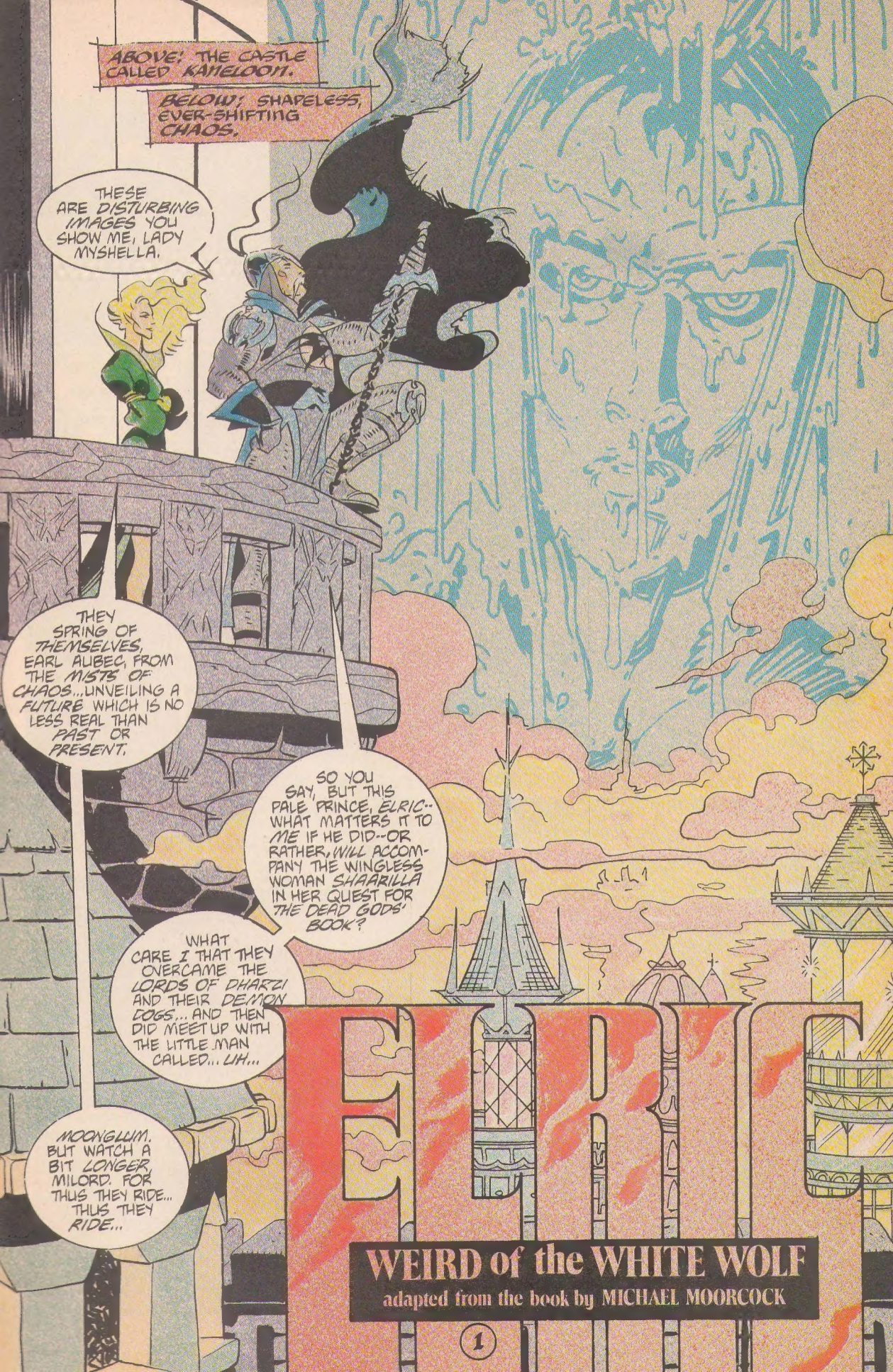
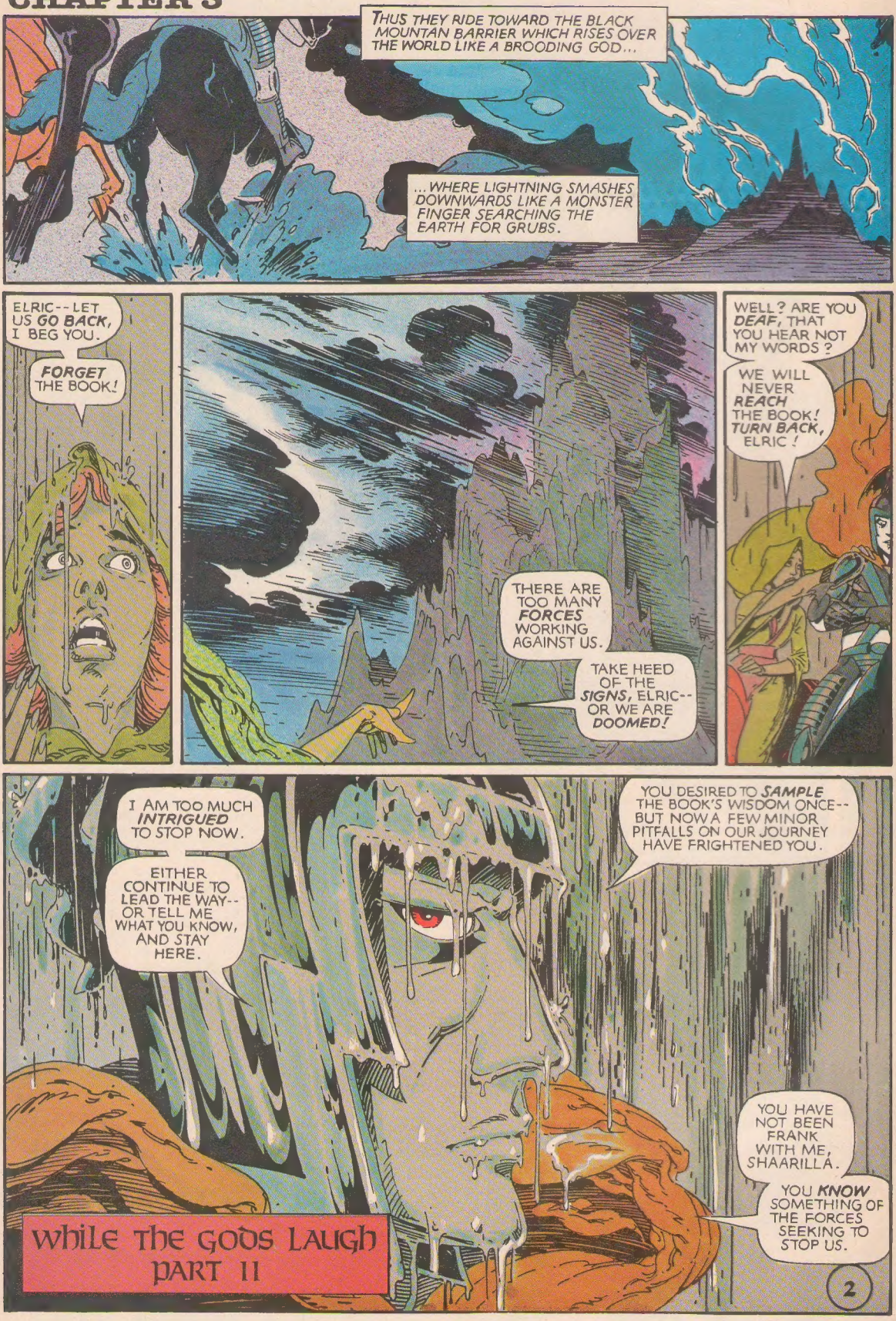
Adapted from the original novel by Michael Moorcock. Price: $1.75 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: $21.00 in the U.S., $23.00 in Canada, and $40.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Woof! The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content are intended or should be inferred. Elric and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of Michael Moorcock. Printed in the U.S.A. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending in Chicago, IL 60607. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changed to **Elric**, c/o First Comics, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

**A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION**

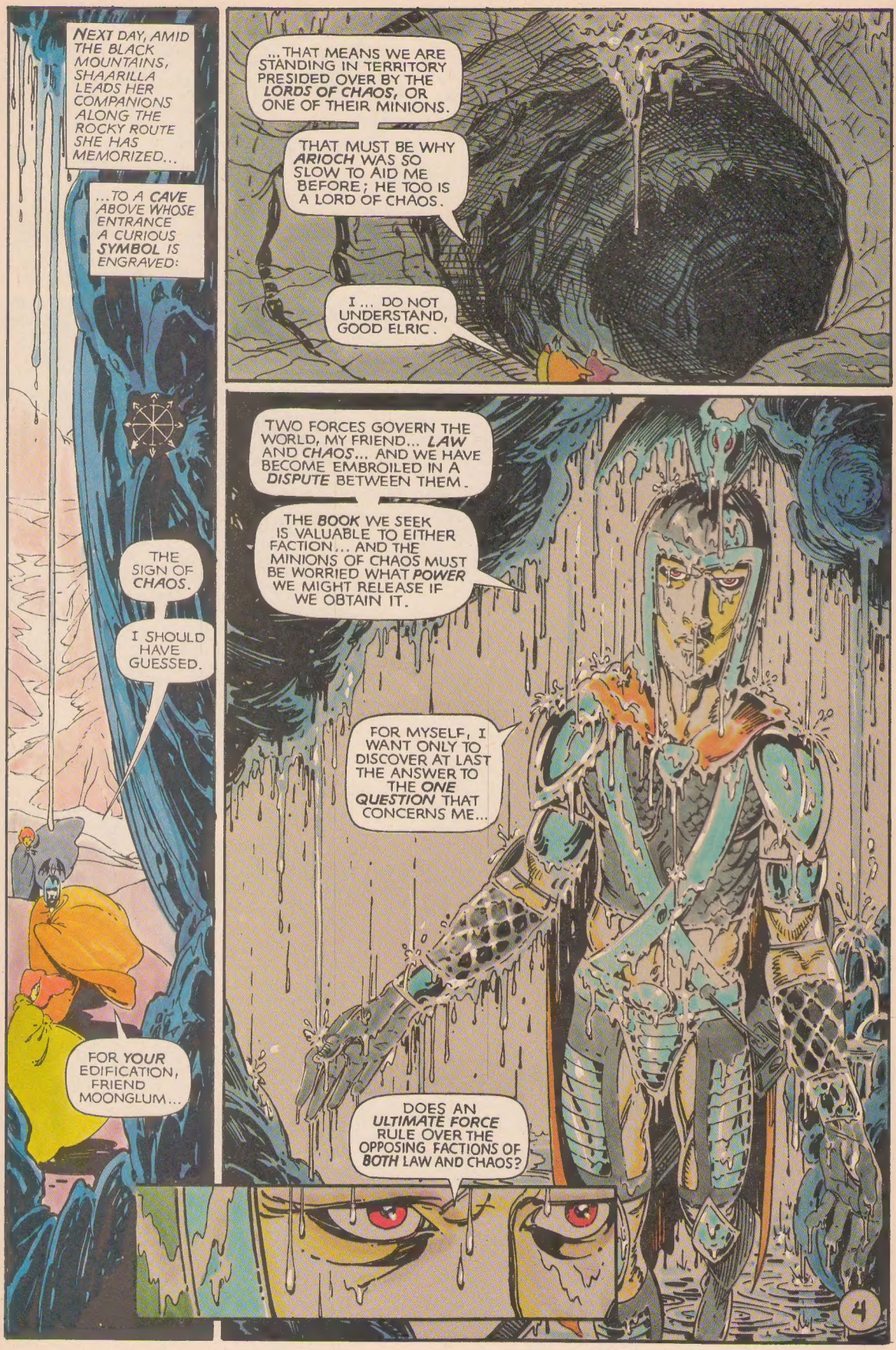

ABOVE: THE CASTLE CALLED KAMELOON.
BELOW: SHAPELESS, EVER-SHIFTING CHAOS.
THESE ARE DISTURBING IMAGES YOU SHOW ME, LADY MYSHELLA.
THEY SPRING OF THEMSELVES, EARL AUBEC, FROM THE MISTS OF CHAOS... UNVEILING A FUTURE WHICH IS NO LESS REAL THAN PAST OR PRESENT.
SO YOU SAY, BUT THIS PALE PRINCE, ELRIC-- WHAT MATTERS IT TO ME IF HE DID--OR RATHER, WILL ACCOMPANY THE WINGLESS WOMAN SHAARILLA IN HER QUEST FOR THE DEAD GODS' BOOK?
WHAT CARE I THAT THEY OVERCAME THE LORDS OF DHARTI AND THEIR DEMON COGS... AND THEN DID MEET UP WITH THE LITTLE MAN CALLED... UH...
MOONGLUM. BUT WATCH A BIT LONGER, MILORD. FOR THUS THEY RIDE... THUS THEY RIDE...
ELRIC
WEIRD of the WHITE WOLF
adapted from the book by MICHAEL MOORCOCK
1

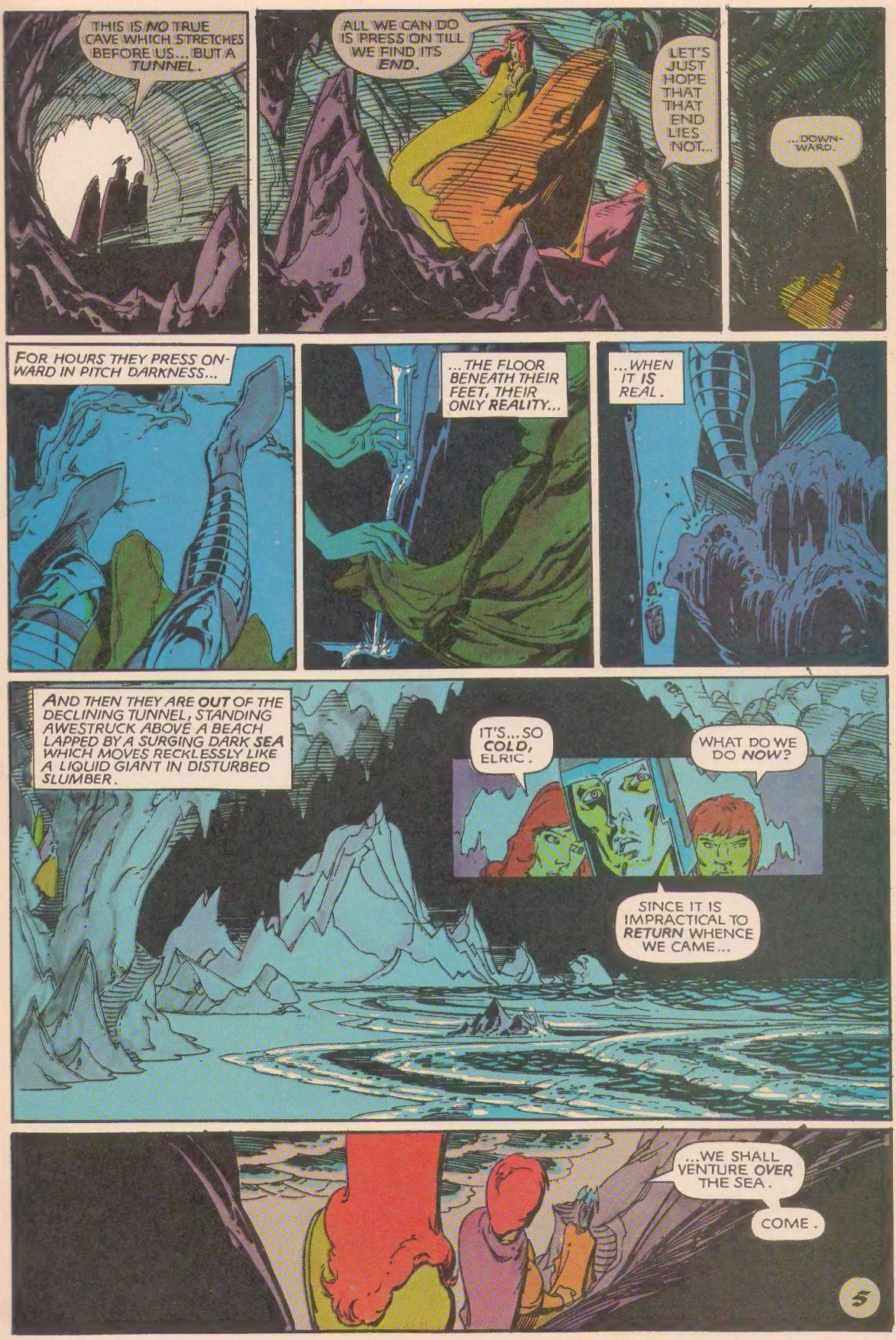
# CHAPTER 3




## while the gods laugh part II

MY--MY FATHER SPOKE A FEW VAGUE WARNINGS BEFORE HE DIED... THAT IS ALL.
WHAT DID HE SAY?
ONLY THAT HE WHO GUARDS THE BOOK WOULD USE ALL HIS POWER TO STOP MANKIND FROM USING ITS WISDOM.
WHAT ELSE?
NOTHING ELSE--BUT IT IS ENOUGH, NOW THAT I SEE MY FATHER'S WARNING WAS TRULY SPOKEN.
IT WAS THIS GUARDIAN WHO KILLED HIM, ELRIC--OR ONE OF THE GUARDIAN'S MINIONS.
I DO NOT WISH TO SUFFER THAT FATE, IN SPITE OF WHAT THE BOOK MIGHT DO FOR ME.
I HAD THOUGHT YOU POWERFUL ENOUGH TO AID ME--BUT NOW I DOUBT IT.
I HAVE PROTECTED YOU SO FAR.
NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU SEEK FROM THE BOOK.
I... AM TOO ASHAMED.
I SOUGHT MY WINGS.
YOUR WINGS? YOU MEAN--A SPELL BY WHICH YOU COULD GROW WINGS?
FOR THIS YOU SEEK THE VESSEL OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST WISDOM?
IF YOU WERE THOUGHT DEFORMED IN YOUR OWN LAND... IT WOULD SEEM IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR YOU!
FORGIVE ME, SHAARILLA.
I, TOO, HAVE FELT AS YOU DO.
3


NEXT DAY, AMID THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, SHAARILLA LEADS HER COMPANIONS ALONG THE ROCKY ROUTE SHE HAS MEMORIZED...
...TO A CAVE ABOVE WHOSE ENTRANCE A CURIOUS SYMBOL IS ENGRAVED:
THE SIGN OF CHAOS.
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
FOR YOUR EDIFICATION, FRIEND MOONGLUM...
...THAT MEANS WE ARE STANDING IN TERRITORY PRESIDED OVER BY THE LORDS OF CHAOS, OR ONE OF THEIR MINIONS.
THAT MUST BE WHY ARIOCH WAS SO SLOW TO AID ME BEFORE; HE TOO IS A LORD OF CHAOS.
I... DO NOT UNDERSTAND, GOOD ELRIC.
TWO FORCES GOVERN THE WORLD, MY FRIEND... LAW AND CHAOS... AND WE HAVE BECOME EMBROILED IN A DISPUTE BETWEEN THEM.
THE BOOK WE SEEK IS VALUABLE TO EITHER FACTION... AND THE MINIONS OF CHAOS MUST BE WORRIED WHAT POWER WE MIGHT RELEASE IF WE OBTAIN IT.
FOR MYSELF, I WANT ONLY TO DISCOVER AT LAST THE ANSWER TO THE ONE QUESTION THAT CONCERNS ME...
DOES AN ULTIMATE FORCE RULE OVER THE OPPOSING FACTIONS OF BOTH LAW AND CHAOS?

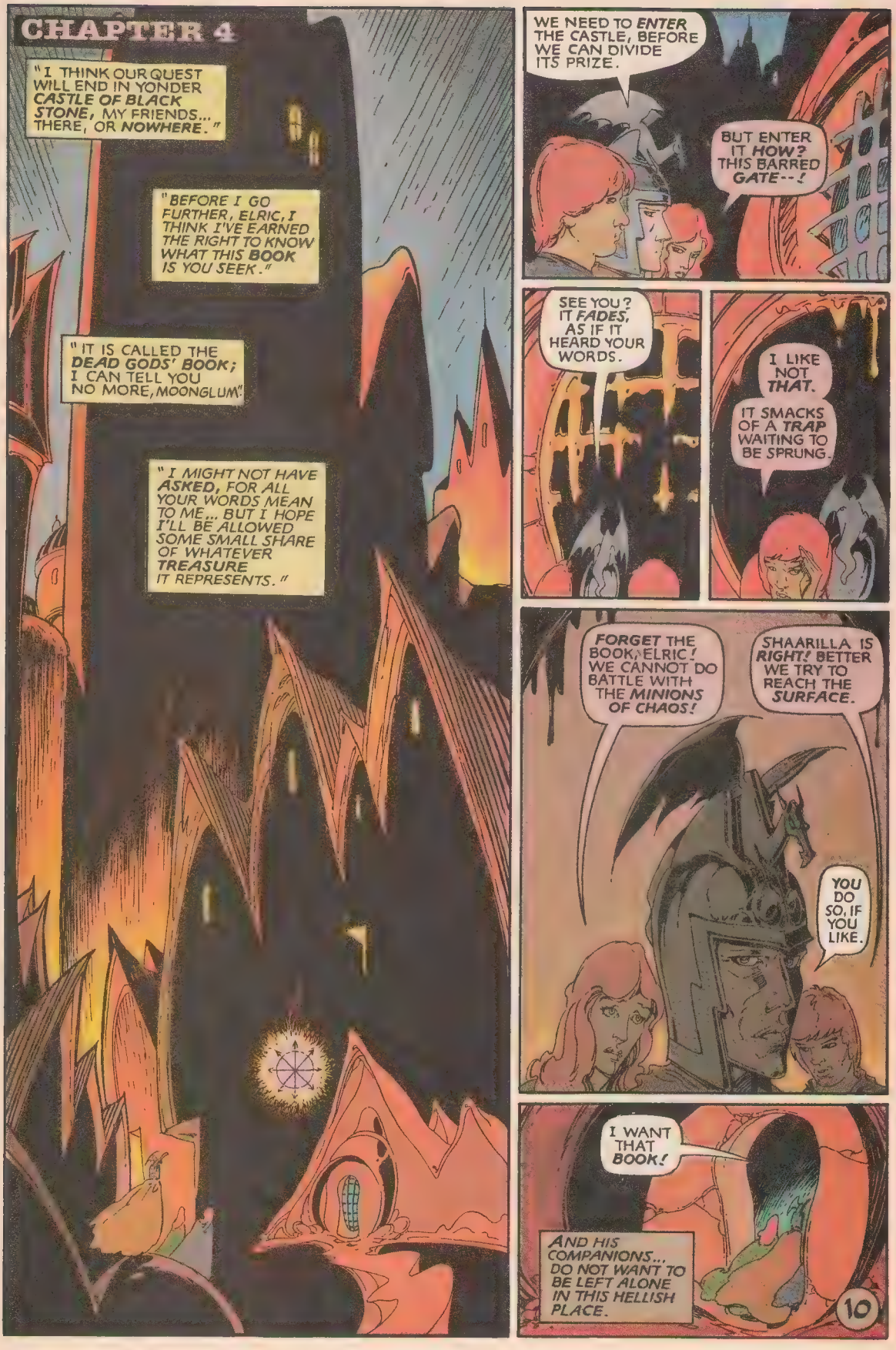

THIS IS NO TRUE CAVE WHICH STRETCHES BEFORE US... BUT A TUNNEL.
ALL WE CAN DO IS PRESS ON TILL WE FIND ITS END.
LET'S JUST HOPE THAT THAT END LIES NOT...
...DOWN-WARD.
FOR HOURS THEY PRESS ON-WARD IN PITCH DARKNESS...
...THE FLOOR BENEATH THEIR FEET, THEIR ONLY REALITY...
...WHEN IT IS REAL.
AND THEN THEY ARE OUT OF THE DECLINING TUNNEL, STANDING AWESTRUCK ABOVE A BEACH LAPPED BY A SURGING DARK SEA WHICH MOVES RECKLESSLY LIKE A LIQUID GIANT IN DISTURBED SLUMBER.
IT'S...SO COLD, ELRIC.
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
SINCE IT IS IMPRACTICAL TO RETURN WHENCE WE CAME...
...WE SHALL VENTURE OVER THE SEA.
COME.

IF WE WANT TO CROSS THIS SEA--OR LAKE, OR WHATEVER IT IS--THIS OLD BOAT IS INTACT ENOUGH TO TAKE US, ELRIC.
THE KIND OF WOOD IT'S MADE OF IS HARD AS IRON, SO IT HASN'T ROTTED...
...AND THE OWNER CERTAINLY WON'T ARGUE IF WE TAKE IT.
THEN LET US DO SO!
THIS... WATER...
...IT IS NOT WATER...
...NOT AS I KNOW IT.
DO NOT WORRY ABOUT IT, SHAARILLA. WE WILL MANAGE...
...SOON AS I CAN TURN MY CLOAK INTO A MAKE-SHIFT SAIL.
6

SOON THEY SHOVE OFF, TAKING CARE NOT TO GET THEIR FEET IN THE SEA...
...AS PERHAPS THE BOAT'S MAKER DID.
ELRIC...
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING.
ELRIC...?
A CLAKAR!
SWOOPED OVER US SO FAST-- I COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT!
WHAT IS A CLAKAR, ELRIC? WHAT?
PRIMEVAL ANCESTORS OF SHAARILLA'S PEOPLE-- BUT WHOEVER SEEKS TO STOP OUR QUEST HAD BEST FIND SOME MORE ORIGINAL MEANS.
STORM-BRINGER SHOULD EASILY--
THE RUNE-SWORD, HOWEVER, REMAINS SILENT IN HIS HAND, ITS FAMILIAR HOWL OF GLEE MUTED.
INSTEAD OF THE RUSH OF POWER THAT USUALLY FLOWS UP ELRIC'S ARM--
--HE FEELS ONLY A SLIGHT TINGLING.
AND THEN THE CLAKAR IS UPON THEM AGAIN, WITH A BEAT OF LEATHERY WINGS...

MISSED, DAMN MY EYES!
LOOK OUT, SHAARI--!
MOON-GLUM!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEE
MY SWORD--IT'S SINKING WITH THE BEAST!
OF COURSE! WHAT DID YOU--?
I TRIED TO SINK IT ONCE BEFORE--AND FAILED.
BUT NOW--TODAY--UPON THIS WEIRDLING SEA--
--WE MUST NOT LOSE IT!
8

THERE! I HAVE IT! BUT-- SO WEAK--!
AM I BOUND TO THIS BLACK BLADE -- FOREVER?
WE MUST CROSS THIS SEA SPEEDILY...
...OR WE ARE LOST.
ELRIC! WE'RE NEARING LAND--I CAN SEE IT!
BUT-- WE'RE TRAVELING TOWARD IT SO FAST--!
TOO FAST.
ELRIC--CAN YOU RISE?
I...WON'T DIE... BUT ALREADY MY EYESIGHT IS FADING.
THE FORCES OF CHAOS... RULED SO STRONGLY ON THE SEA...!
GIVE ME... MY BLADE.
I CAN ONLY HOPE... ITS POWER RETURNS... ON DRY LAND.
AGAIN THE RUNESWORD MOANS FAINTLY..
...ITS SONG INCREASING AS THAT POWER FLOWS UP ALONG ELRIC'S ARM, GIVING HIM RENEWED VITALITY...
...BUT AT A PRICE.
IN TIME, THE ALBINO RISES, TREMBLING... TO SILENTLY LEAD HIS COMRADES TOWARD A LIGHT IN THE SUBTERRANEAN DISTANCE...
9


CHAPTER 4
"I THINK OUR QUEST WILL END IN YONDER CASTLE OF BLACK STONE, MY FRIENDS... THERE, OR NOWHERE."
"BEFORE I GO FURTHER, ELRIC, I THINK I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT THIS BOOK IS YOU SEEK."
"IT IS CALLED THE DEAD GODS' BOOK; I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE, MOONGLUM."
"I MIGHT NOT HAVE ASKED, FOR ALL YOUR WORDS MEAN TO ME... BUT I HOPE I'LL BE ALLOWED SOME SMALL SHARE OF WHATEVER TREASURE IT REPRESENTS."
WE NEED TO ENTER THE CASTLE, BEFORE WE CAN DIVIDE ITS PRIZE.
BUT ENTER IT HOW? THIS BARRED GATE--!
SEE YOU? IT FADES, AS IF IT HEARD YOUR WORDS.
I LIKE NOT THAT.
IT SMACKS OF A TRAP WAITING TO BE SPRUNG.
FORGET THE BOOK, ELRIC! WE CANNOT DO BATTLE WITH THE MINIONS OF CHAOS!
SHAARILLA IS RIGHT! BETTER WE TRY TO REACH THE SURFACE.
YOU DO SO, IF YOU LIKE.
I WANT THAT BOOK!
AND HIS COMPANIONS... DO NOT WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THIS HELLISH PLACE.
10

# FIRST NOTES

**SO YOU WANT TO BE A COMICS STAR?**

Back when you could count the number of titles we published on one hand, we thought it would be a swell idea to encourage people to send in all sorts of new proposals, in the hope that someday you'd have to add not just your other hand, but your toes as well, to keep track of all the terrific stuff with the First logo on it. And forward thinking guys that we were, we came up with an impressive list of GUIDELINES for submissions so we wouldn't be deluged with soggy cocktail napkins containing illegibly scribbled brainstorms concerning the resurrection of titles cancelled by other publishers or "tryout" pages demonstrating a budding artist's keen interest in drawing characters owned by another company.

And a damn good list of guidelines it was, too. Unfortunately, the only one anyone remembered was: "Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and eventually we'll send something back to you." People apparently took this as an open invitation to send virtually anything that the U.S. postal service would willingly deliver, daring us to try -- just *try* -- and send it back.

Now my office is festooned with an impressive stamp and envelope collection (some of which was generously left to me by my predecessor, but most of which I have laboriously collected myself in the past year or so), and I am forced to apologetically admit that's it's mighty unlikely that any of it will ever leave via the mailroom -- if you catch my drift.

Why? Because there just aren't enough hours in the day to look at art samples and proposals, critique them, write responses, stuff them in return envelopes, and get around to publishing ten titles every month, plus your occasional graphic novel. It isn't the time involved in looking at the material; it's the time it takes to compose a meaningful response. Sure, we could just return it without any response, and you'd probably get the basic idea. But even that takes time and doesn't help you much. So, we've come up with a new system:

1. FORGET THE SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE. The S.A.S.E. system is fine and probably necessary for people submitting large manuscripts who want to reduce their photocopy bills. But unless this is your magnum opus, we really don't expect to receive too many large manuscripts. Just a few pages should suffice in most cases.

2. Put your name, address, and TELEPHONE NUMBER on every page. Especially the latter; it's much easier and faster to call people on the phone than to write meaningful letters.

3. If we really like what you send us, we'll contact you. Really! Just ask Eric Shanower.

4. DON'T send ORIGINAL anything! Especially art. Send PHOTOCOPIES. Then we don't have to worry about sending it back and consequently build up immense resentment toward you even though we've never met and you're probably a very nice guy! Besides, we won't send it back anyway.

5. If you want to make sure we receive your package, send it registered or certified or via a service like Federal Express.

For written proposals, it helps if you enclose a short synopsis (no more than three pages) of the basic premise, plot outlines (one paragraph each) for the first six issues of a continuing series or *all* issues of a limited series, one page of sample dialog, and, most importantly, ONE SHORT, CLEVER PARAGRAPH THAT WOULD CONVINCE ANYBODY THAT THIS IS A TRULY FASCINATING STORY WORTH READING. Have you ever bought a paperback book because you were hooked by the "blurb" on the back cover? Write something like that describing your story. Except put it in the front instead of the back.

I use the word "story" instead of "concept" for a reason: If you don't have a story to tell, your "concept" isn't ready for publication.

For art samples, if you are both pencilling and inking your own work, send copies of the pencil art as well as finished inks. Maybe your pencilling is great, but your inking needs work. Or vice-versa. Seeing both gives us a better idea of your strengths and weaknesses.

Include pages that demonstrate your storytelling ability, not just character sheets or pin-ups. In other words: Show us how you would draw a comic book. Not a whole one. A couple pages should do. If your art tells a story without word balloons or additional explanation, then you're on the right track.

Please don't send us "tryout" pages with another publisher's characters, unless it is to demonstrate your inking style over someone else's pencil art. Since we don't publish Spider-man,your ability to draw Peter Parker is not likely to make a big impression.

Above all, don't be discouraged! These guidelines aren't intended to dissuade you; they're meant to help you. If we didn't want new submissions, we wouldn't bother to publish guidelines for submitting them, would we?

-- Rick Oliver

**FIRST IN OCTOBER**

**American Flagg!** #37: The concluding installment of "Oklahoma, U.K.," by **Steven Grant**, **Mark Badger**, and **Randy Emberlin**. Plus Bob Violence by Grant and **Norm Breyfogle**.

**Badger** #20: Nazis, revenge, and his own split personality plague the Badger as Norbert, Max, Ham, and Daisy attend the "Billionaires' Picnic." By **Mike Baron**, **Bill Reinhold**, and **Chuck Beckum**. Plus Tales from the Clone-zone by Baron and **Mark A. Nelson**.

**Dynamo Joe** #4: The return of the giant robosoldier in his own monthly book as Dynamo Joe and crew find the Enemy didn't stay defeated for long! By **Phil Foglio**, **Doug Rice**, and **Brian Thomas**. Plus: Cargonauts by Foglio, **Paul Guinan**, and **Sam Grainger**.

**Elric: Weird of the White Wolf** #3: The conclusion of "While the Gods Laugh" and part one of "The Singing Citadel." By **Roy Thomas**, **P. Craig Russell**, **Michael T. Gilbert**, and **George Freeman**.

**Ghostbusters** #1: Based on Filmation's new animated series which debuts in September in over 80% of the U.S. television markets. Each issue will contain game and activity pages integrated into a full-length story. Written by **Hilarie Staton**, pencilled by **Howard Bender**, and inked by **Sal Trapani**.

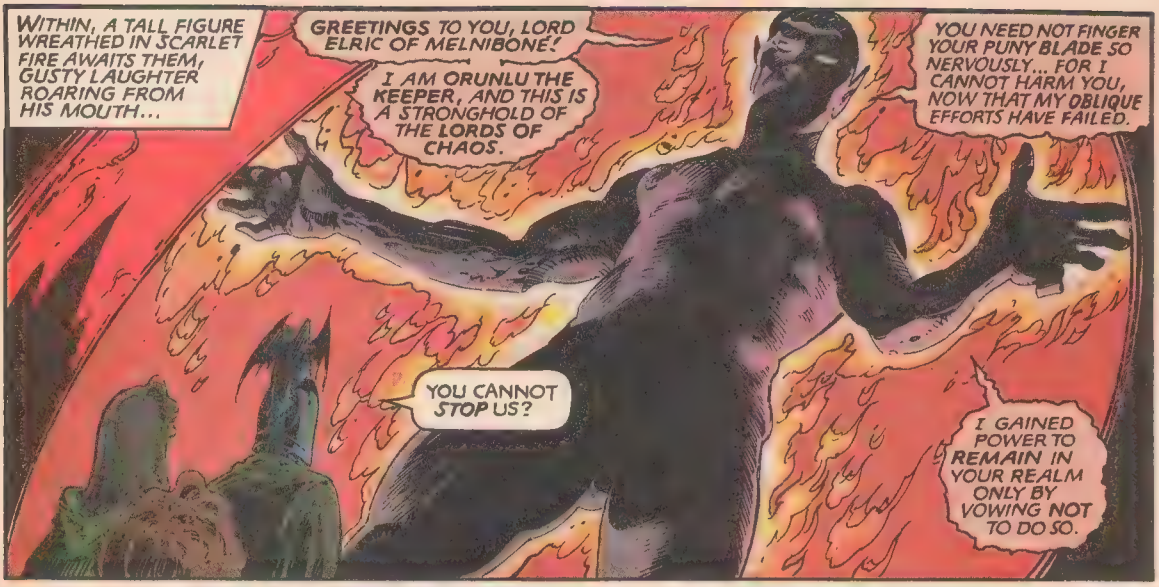
**Grimjack** #31: **Tom Mandrake** joins Grimjack as the new regular artist, starting with a tale of loss and discovery when Gaunt tries to reunite two friends in "Passions." Written by **John Ostrander**. Plus Munden's Bar by **Peter B. Gillis** and **Tom Artis**.

**Jon Sable, Freelance** #44: Guest penciller **Judith Hunt** of **Evangeline** joins **Mike Grell** for a special two-issue story. This month: part one of "The Hard Way." Written by **Mike Grell**, pencilled by **Judith Hunt**, and inked by **Mike Manley**.

**Nexus** #29: Guest penciller **Rick Veitch** joins **Mike Baron** as Nexus recounts the deeds of Kreed and Sinclair at the Gucci assassins' convention. Special full-length story, with a painted cover by **Steve Bissette**.

**Shatter** #7: Jack Scratch has been abducted again, and he still doesn't know why. But enough's enough -- this time Shatter's determined to get some answers. The concluding chapter of "The Third World War" by **Peter B. Gillis**, **Steve Erwin**, and **Bob Dienethal**.

**Whisper** #5: There's a virus going around -- inside a computer. And it's very contagious. Only Whisper can stop it; but maybe she doesn't want to. And maybe she's not who anybody thinks she is. By **Steven Grant**, **Norm Breyfogle**, and **John Nyberg**.

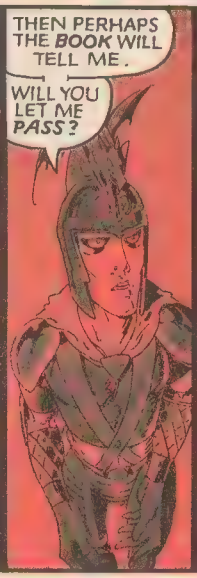

WITHIN, A TALL FIGURE WREATHED IN SCARLET FIRE AWAITS THEM, GUSTY LAUGHTER ROARING FROM HIS MOUTH...
GREETINGS TO YOU, LORD ELRIC OF MELNIBONE!
I AM ORUNLU THE KEEPER, AND THIS IS A STRONGHOLD OF THE LORDS OF CHAOS.
YOU NEED NOT FINGER YOUR PUNY BLADE SO NERVOUSLY... FOR I CANNOT HARM YOU, NOW THAT MY OBLIQUE EFFORTS HAVE FAILED.
YOU CANNOT STOP US?
I GAINED POWER TO REMAIN IN YOUR REALM ONLY BY VOWING NOT TO DO SO.

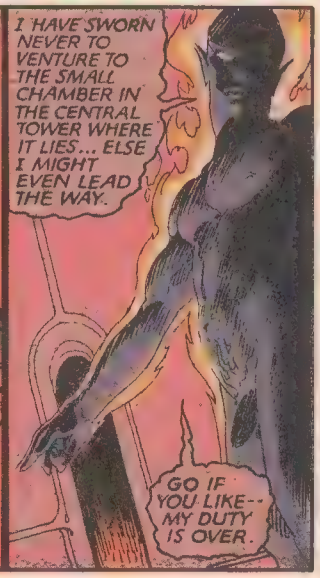
TELL ME-- THE BOOK YOU SEEK IS IMPORTANT TO MY MASTERS, FOR REASONS I HAVE NEVER SOUGHT TO LEARN IN THREE HUNDRED CENTURIES OF GUARDING IT...
BUT WHAT CAN IT MEAN TO SUCH AS YOU?

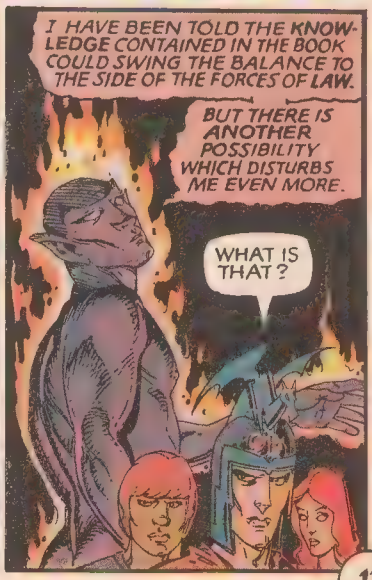
I SEEK IN IT... THE TRUTH.

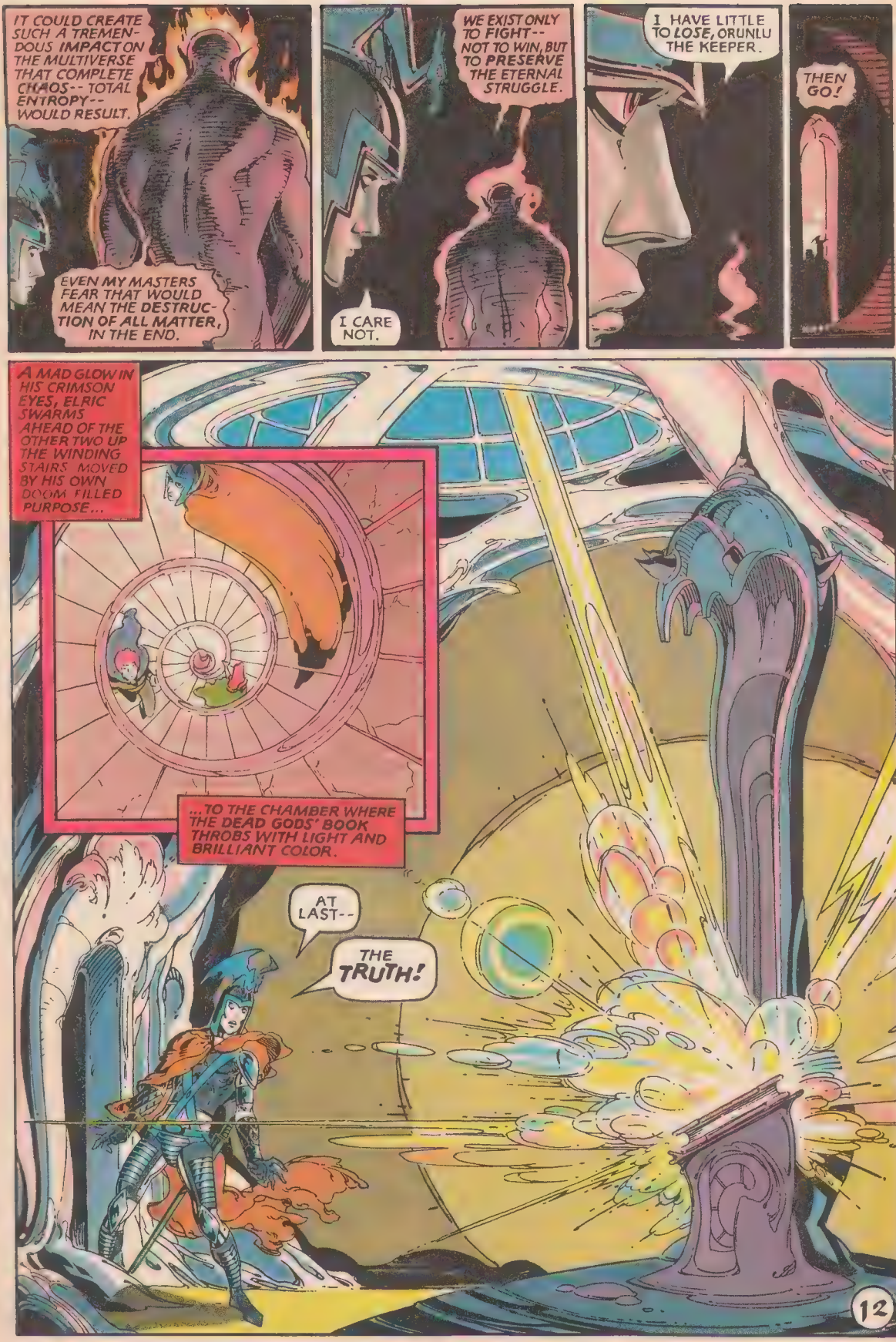
THERE IS NO TRUTH... BUT THAT OF ETERNAL STRUGGLE.

THERE MUST BE!
WHO RULES ABOVE THE FORCES OF LAW AND CHAOS?
I DO NOT KNOW.
THERE IS ONLY THE BALANCE.


THEN PERHAPS THE BOOK WILL TELL ME.
WILL YOU LET ME PASS?


I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO VENTURE TO THE SMALL CHAMBER IN THE CENTRAL TOWER WHERE IT LIES... ELSE I MIGHT EVEN LEAD THE WAY.
GO IF YOU LIKE-- MY DUTY IS OVER.

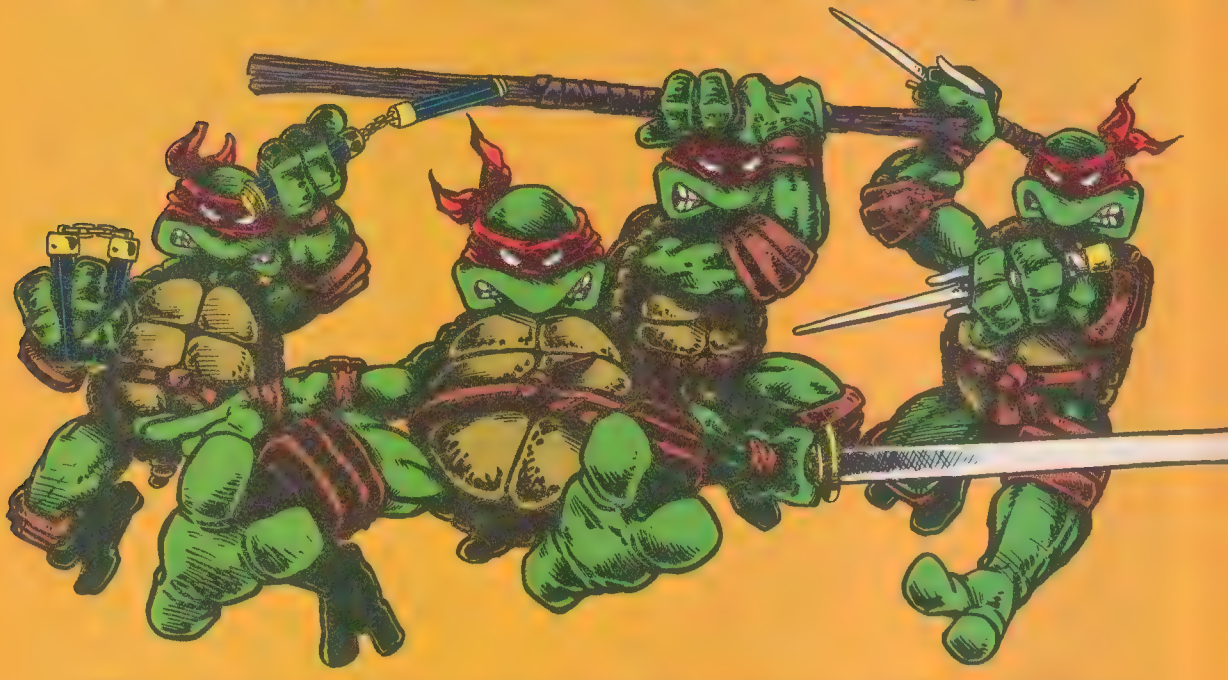

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THE KNOWLEDGE CONTAINED IN THE BOOK COULD SWING THE BALANCE TO THE SIDE OF THE FORCES OF LAW.
BUT THERE IS ANOTHER POSSIBILITY WHICH DISTURBS ME EVEN MORE.
WHAT IS THAT?


IT COULD CREATE SUCH A TREMENDOUS IMPACT ON THE MULTIVERSE THAT COMPLETE CHAOS-- TOTAL ENTROPY-- WOULD RESULT.
EVEN MY MASTERS FEAR THAT WOULD MEAN THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL MATTER, IN THE END.
WE EXIST ONLY TO FIGHT-- NOT TO WIN, BUT TO PRESERVE THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE.
I CARE NOT.
I HAVE LITTLE TO LOSE, ORUNLU THE KEEPER.
THEN GO!
A MAD GLOW IN HIS CRIMSON EYES, ELRIC SWARMS AHEAD OF THE OTHER TWO UP THE WINDING STAIRS MOVED BY HIS OWN DOOM FILLED PURPOSE...
...TO THE CHAMBER WHERE THE DEAD GODS' BOOK THROBS WITH LIGHT AND BRILLIANT COLOR.
AT LAST--
THE TRUTH!
12

FIRST COMICS PRESENTS

# TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

## IN A NEW COLOR GRAPHIC NOVEL



**The turtles are coming to you in November. In color. In a First graphic novel.**

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**A behind the scenes look at the TMNT creators!**

**A full color cover painting by Kevin Eastman!**

**Two never before published TMNT stories by Eastman and Laird!**

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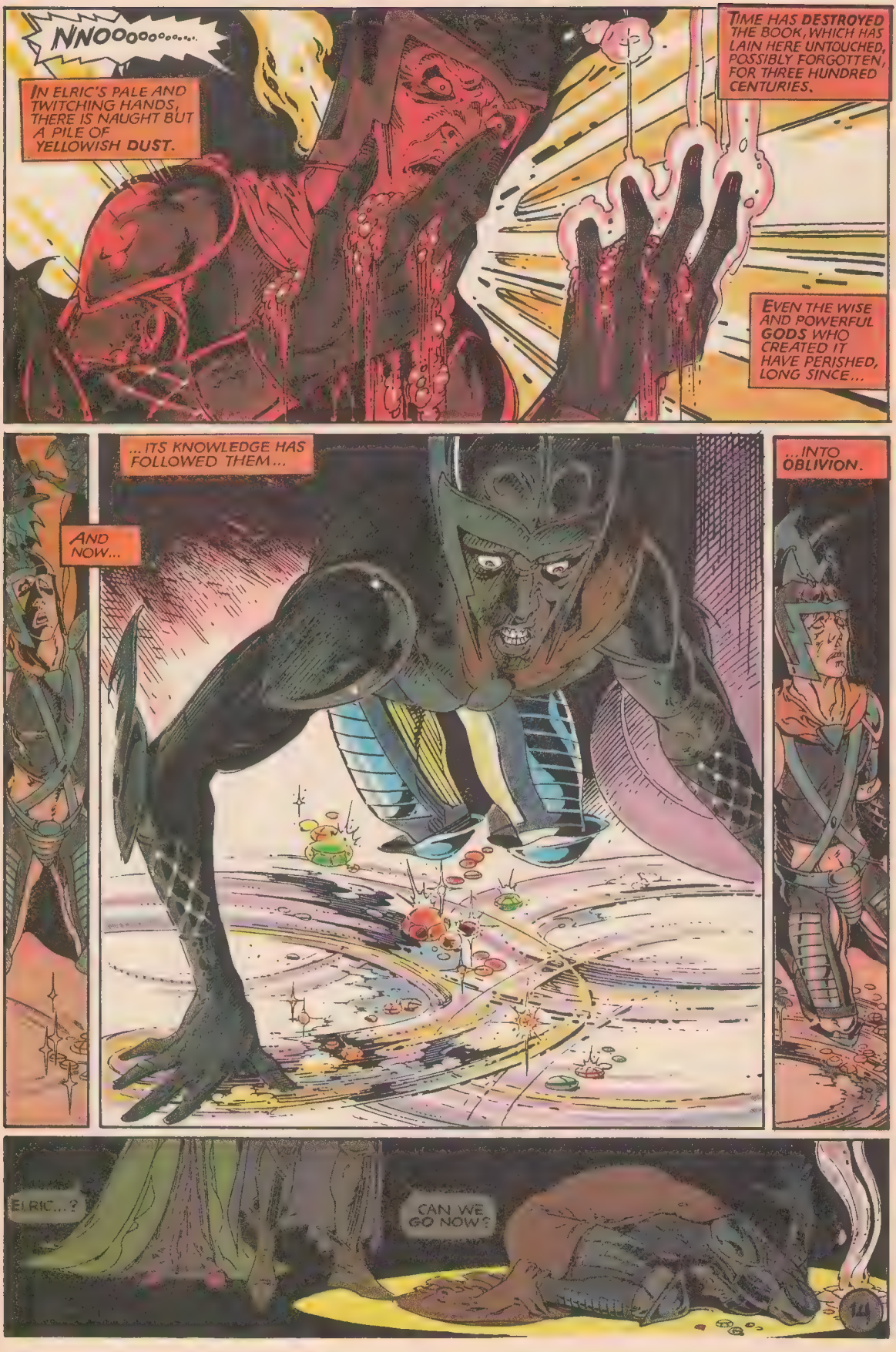
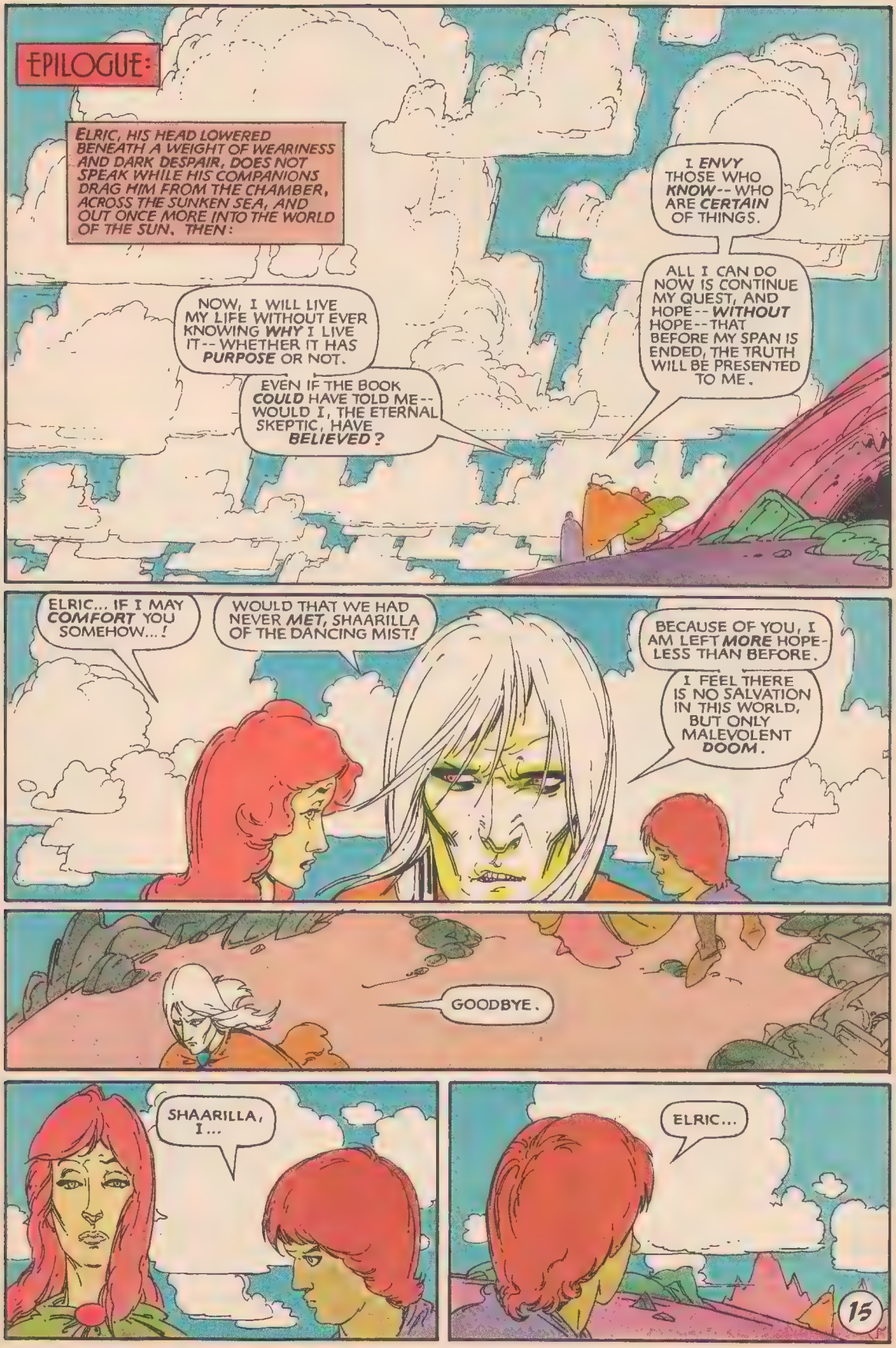
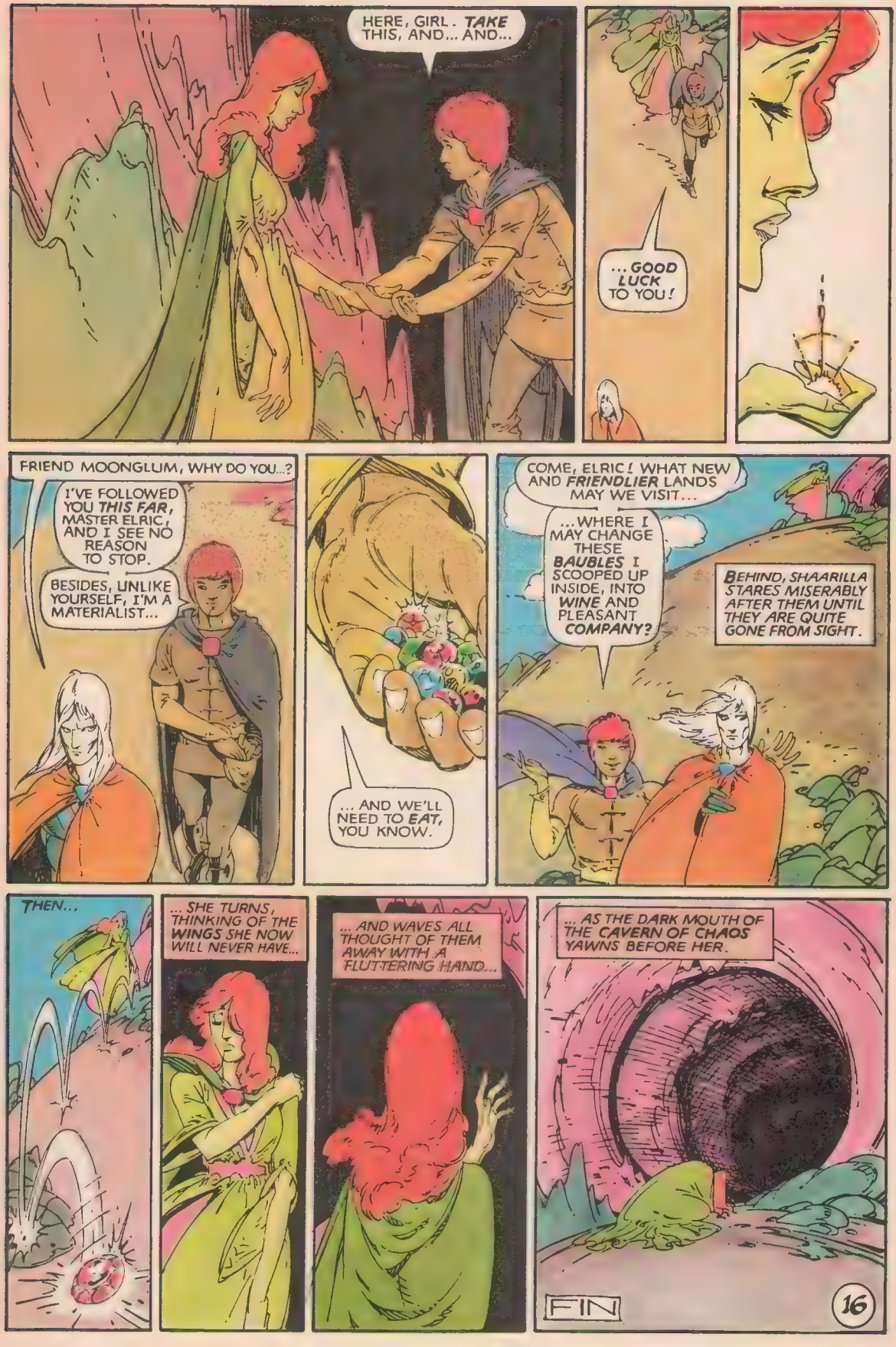
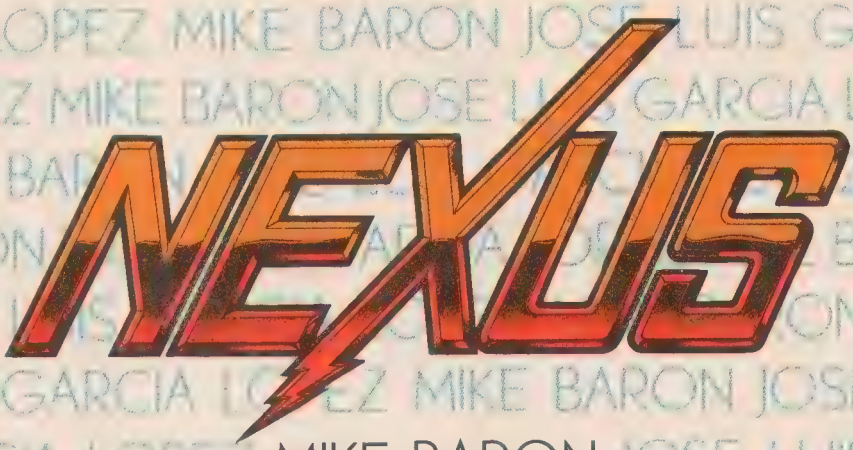
NOW--
--NOW I SHALL LEARN!
WHAT? THE COVER--?
NO MATTER.
WHAT CARE I FOR THE GEMS THAT ENCRUSTED IT ?
IT IS THE BOOK I CARE ABOUT--
--THE KNOWLEDGE CONTAINED--
--WITHIN.
NO!
13


NNOOoooooooo...
IN ELRIC'S PALE AND TWITCHING HANDS, THERE IS NAUGHT BUT A PILE OF YELLOWISH DUST.
TIME HAS DESTROYED THE BOOK, WHICH HAS LAIN HERE UNTOUCHED, POSSIBLY FORGOTTEN, FOR THREE HUNDRED CENTURIES.
EVEN THE WISE AND POWERFUL GODS WHO CREATED IT HAVE PERISHED, LONG SINCE...
AND NOW...
...ITS KNOWLEDGE HAS FOLLOWED THEM...
...INTO OBLIVION.
ELRIC...?
CAN WE GO NOW?


EPILOGUE:
ELRIC, HIS HEAD LOWERED BENEATH A WEIGHT OF WEARINESS AND DARK DESPAIR, DOES NOT SPEAK WHILE HIS COMPANIONS DRAG HIM FROM THE CHAMBER, ACROSS THE SUNKEN SEA, AND OUT ONCE MORE INTO THE WORLD OF THE SUN. THEN:
NOW, I WILL LIVE MY LIFE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING WHY I LIVE IT -- WHETHER IT HAS PURPOSE OR NOT.
EVEN IF THE BOOK COULD HAVE TOLD ME -- WOULD I, THE ETERNAL SKEPTIC, HAVE BELIEVED?
I ENVY THOSE WHO KNOW -- WHO ARE CERTAIN OF THINGS.
ALL I CAN DO NOW IS CONTINUE MY QUEST, AND HOPE -- WITHOUT HOPE -- THAT BEFORE MY SPAN IS ENDED, THE TRUTH WILL BE PRESENTED TO ME.
ELRIC... IF I MAY COMFORT YOU SOMEHOW...!
WOULD THAT WE HAD NEVER MET, SHAARILLA OF THE DANCING MIST!
BECAUSE OF YOU, I AM LEFT MORE HOPELESS THAN BEFORE.
I FEEL THERE IS NO SALVATION IN THIS WORLD, BUT ONLY MALEVOLENT DOOM.
GOODBYE.
SHAARILLA, I...
ELRIC...

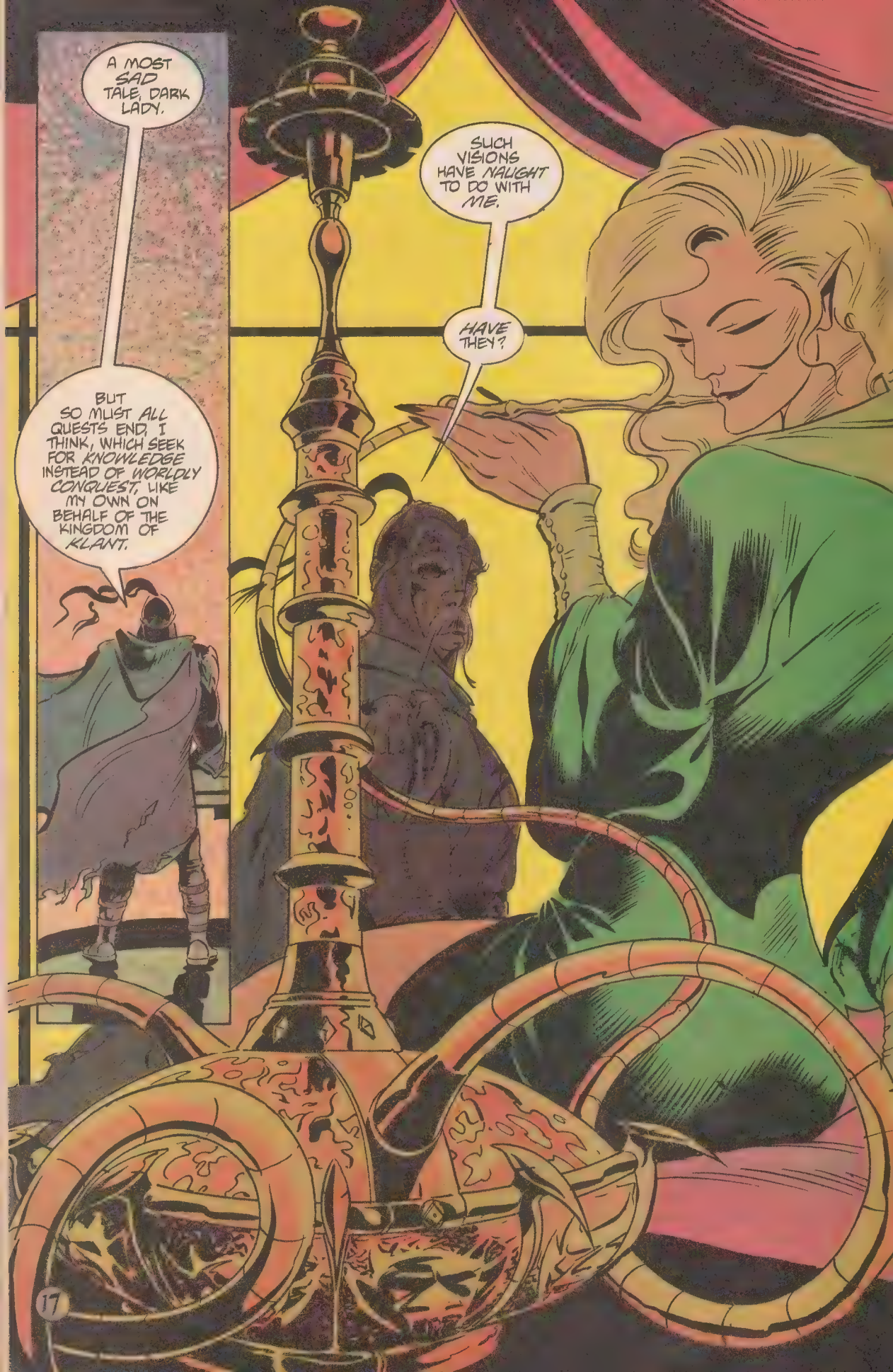

HERE, GIRL. TAKE THIS, AND... AND...
...GOOD LUCK TO YOU!
FRIEND MOONGLUM, WHY DO YOU...?
I'VE FOLLOWED YOU THIS FAR, MASTER ELRIC, AND I SEE NO REASON TO STOP.
BESIDES, UNLIKE YOURSELF, I'M A MATERIALIST...
... AND WE'LL NEED TO EAT, YOU KNOW.
COME, ELRIC! WHAT NEW AND FRIENDLIER LANDS MAY WE VISIT...
...WHERE I MAY CHANGE THESE BAUBLES I SCOOPED UP INSIDE, INTO WINE AND PLEASANT COMPANY?
BEHIND, SHAARILLA STARES MISERABLY AFTER THEM UNTIL THEY ARE QUITE GONE FROM SIGHT.
THEN...
... SHE TURNS, THINKING OF THE WINGS SHE NOW WILL NEVER HAVE...
... AND WAVES ALL THOUGHT OF THEM AWAY WITH A FLUTTERING HAND...
... AS THE DARK MOUTH OF THE CAVERN OF CHAOS YAWNS BEFORE HER.
FIN
16

# WHO'S NEXT ON NEXUS' LIST?




MIKE BARON
JOSE LUIS GARCIA LOPEZ

COMING NEXT MONTH FROM FIRST COMICS


A MOST SAD TALE, DARK LADY.
BUT SO MUST ALL QUESTS END, I THINK, WHICH SEEK FOR KNOWLEDGE INSTEAD OF WORLDLY CONQUEST, LIKE MY OWN ON BEHALF OF THE KINGDOM OF KLANT.
SUCH VISIONS HAVE NAUGHT TO DO WITH ME.
HAVE THEY?

HAVE THEY, LADY?
OR ARE THEY NO MORE REAL THAN THE MONSTERS I FACED WHEN FIRST CAME TO CASTLE KANELOON--
--CREATURES YOU CLAIM WERE CONJURED UP OUT OF MY OWN IMAGININGS?
YOU DO NOT THINK THOSE FOES WERE REAL ENOUGH TO SLAY YOU, MILORD?
THEN SALLY FORTH INTO THE SWIRLING CHAOS OUTSIDE-- AND FACE NEW PERILS BIRTHED BY YOUR INNERMOST MIND.
FOR, AS I HAVE SAID... THERE IS NAUGHT ELSE BEYOND THIS FORTRESS ON THE EDGE OF TIME AND SPACE.

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**If you had a SUBSCRIPTION, every issue would come directly to your house! You wouldn't have to go out or anything!**

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**Now, if only you had a SUBSCRIPTION COUPON you could fill out and send in. Wait! What's that down there?**

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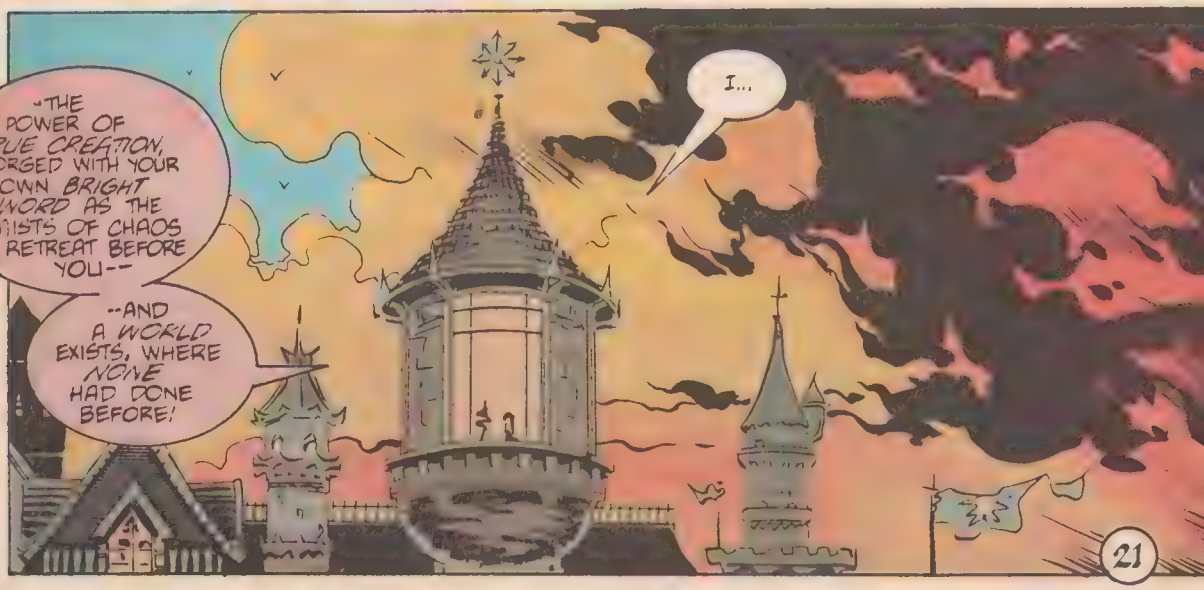
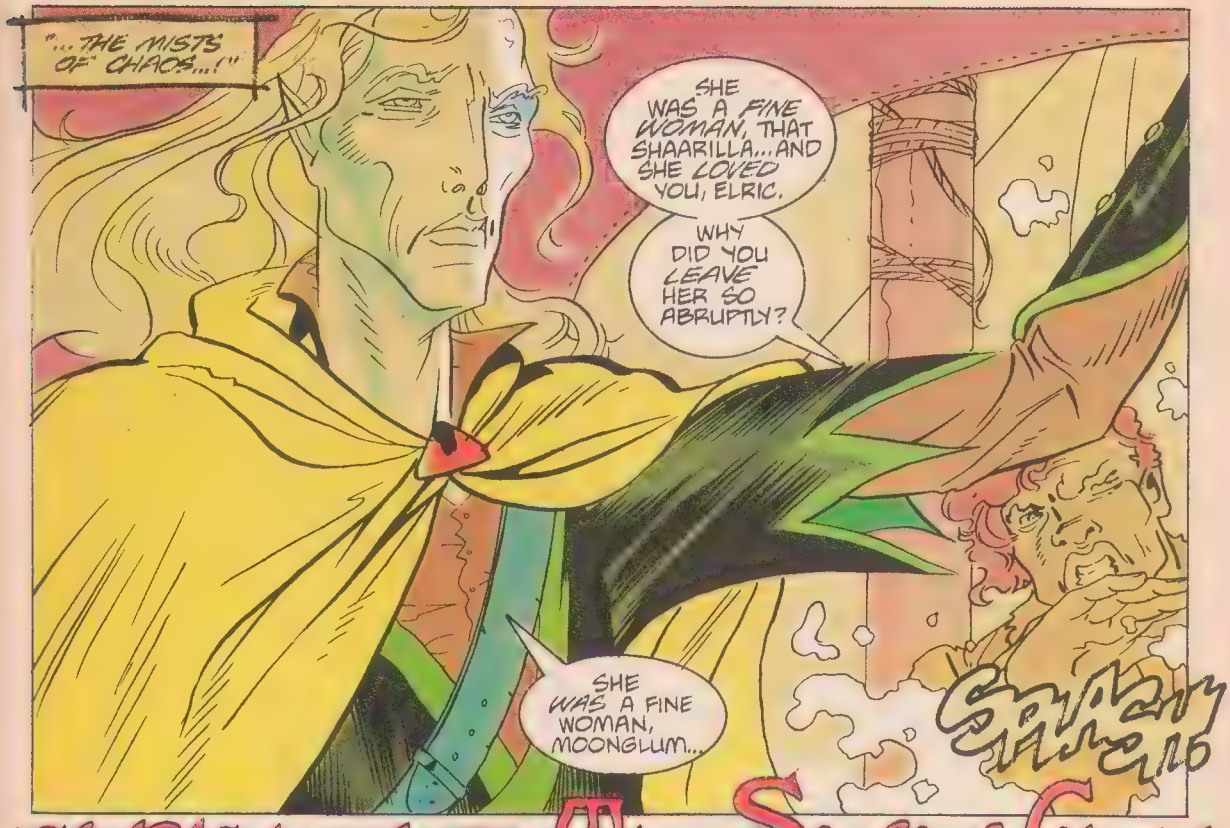
ONCE IN A VERY GREAT WHILE, THERE COMES TO KANELOON A MAN WHO CAN *WITHSTAND* SUCH AN ORDEAL.
THEN MAY THE *FRONTIERS* OF THE WORLD BE *EXTENDED*.
FOR, WHEN A MAN *STANDS* AGAINST CHAOS, IT MUST *RECEDE*- AND *NEW LANDS* SPRING INTO BEING!
SO *THAT* IS THE FATE YOU HAVE IN MIND FOR ME-- *SORCERESS*!
THERE IS A *REWARD* FOR YOUR COURAGE...
...AFTER YOU HAVE DONE MY BIDDING AND GONE AGAINST *CHAOS*.
LADY-- KNOW YOU NOT THAT *RITUAL* DEMANDS OF *KLANT'S CHAMPION*-- THAT HE BE *THE QUEEN'S FAITHFUL CONSORT*?
ELOARDE...

AND YET--YOUR LIPS--YOUR BREASTS--PERHAPS I--
NO! NO, BY ALL THE GODS, I WILL NOT BETRAY MY WORD AND TRUST!
I CAME HERE TO REMOVE A MENACE TO MY QUEEN'S KINGDOM--NOT TO BE YOUR LOVER AND YOUR LACKEY!
MENACE?
THERE IS NO MENACE HERE.

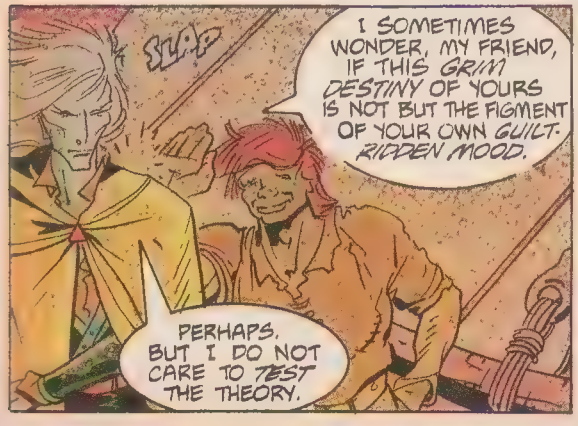
THAT... SEEMS TRUE.
FORGET KLANT, LORD OF MALADOR.
THINK, RATHER, OF THE POWER YOU MIGHT HAVE-

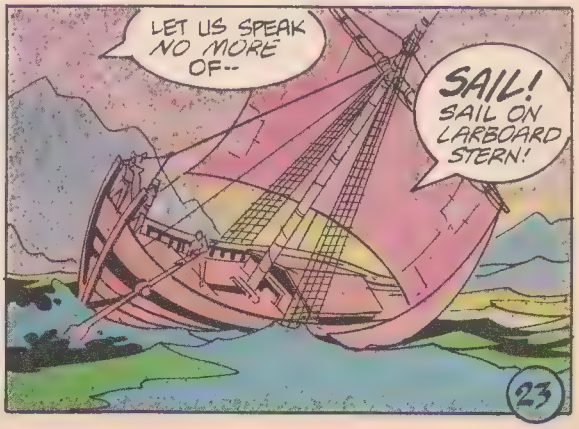

"THE POWER OF TRUE CREATION, FORGED WITH YOUR OWN BRIGHT SWORD AS THE MISTS OF CHAOS RETREAT BEFORE YOU--
--AND A WORLD EXISTS, WHERE NONE HAD DONE BEFORE!
I...

LADY, I CLAIM THIS CASTLE FLK KLANT!
THAT IS WHAT I CAME TO DO-- AND THAT IS WHAT I DO NOW!
IF I LEAVE HERE ALIVE, I SHALL BE JUDGED THE CONQUEROR-- AND YOU MUST COMPLY!
THEN I COMPLY.
YOU... DO?
OF COURSE. HOW COULD I RESIST? ONLY, FIRST...!
...FIRST, LOOK AGAIN INTO THE MISTS WITHOUT, AND BEHOLD WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
THE MISTS...



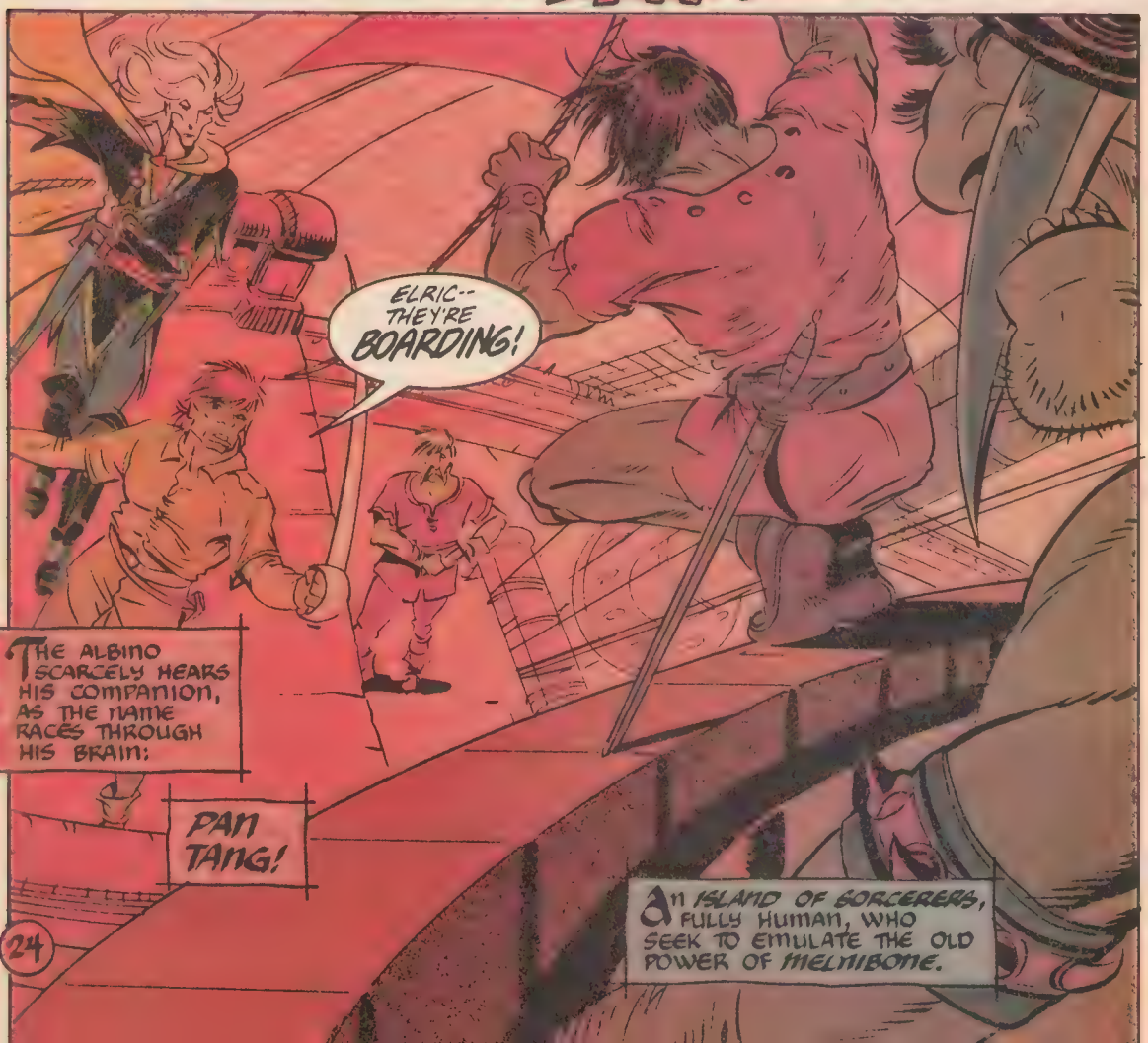

# ELRIC book III: The Singing Citadel



SO CLOSE?! YOUR LOOKOUT MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AT HIS POST!
WHAT'S THE SHIP, CAPTAIN?
A PAN TANG TRIREME--A WARSHIP...

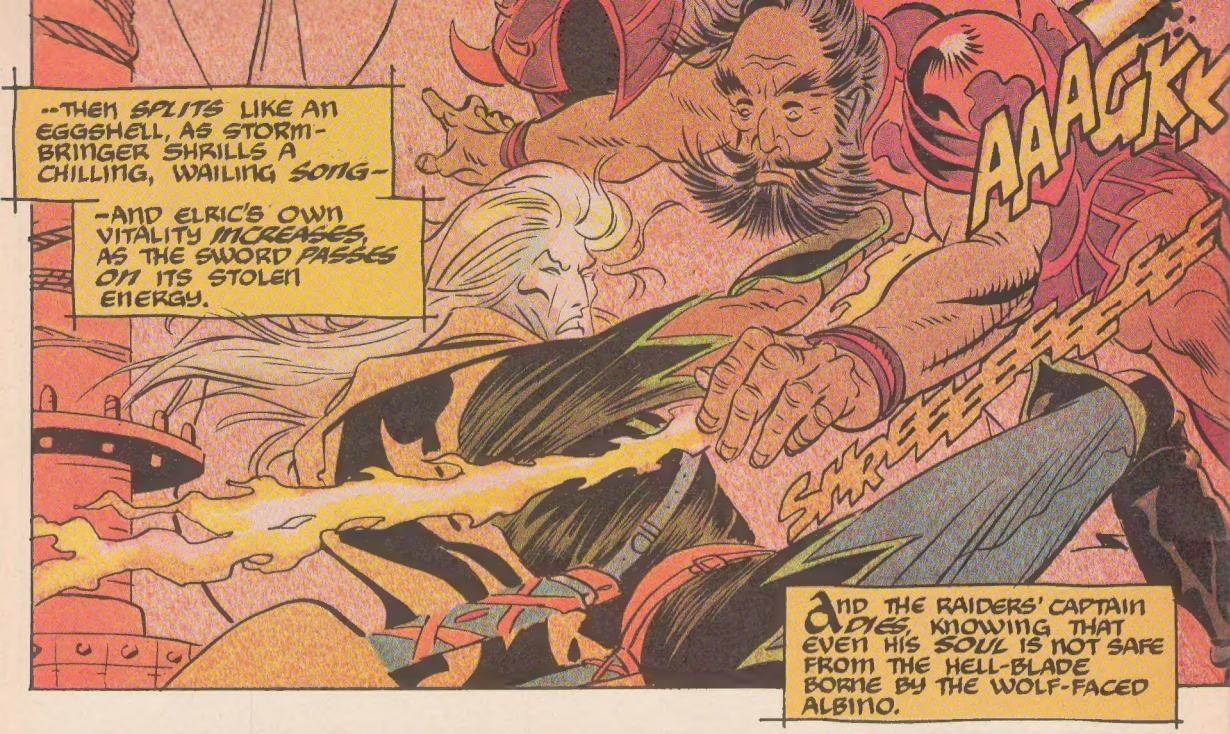
...AND THEY'RE ON RAMMING COURSE!
CRAAKK!!

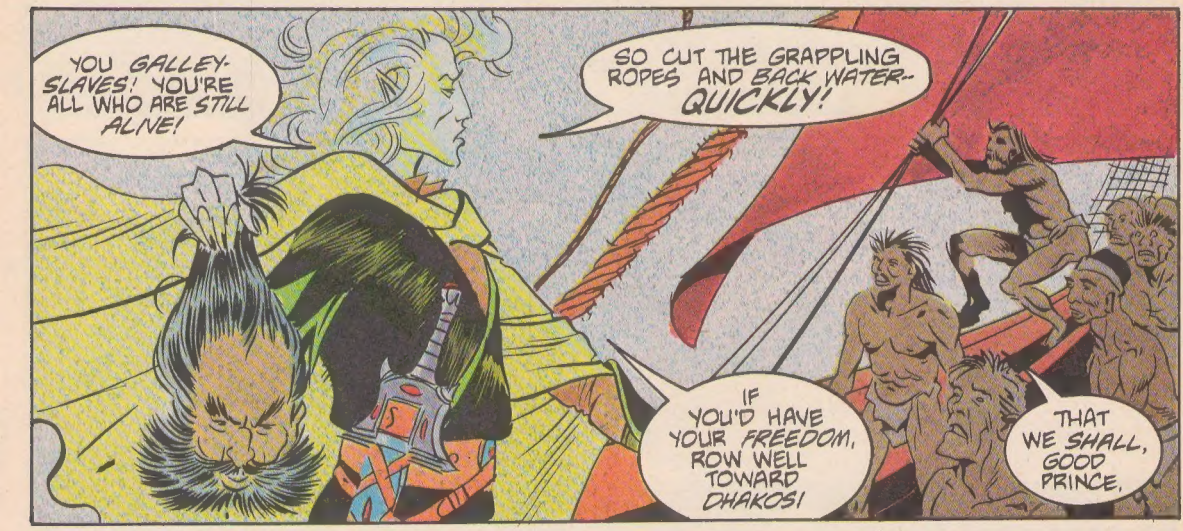

ELRIC--THEY'RE BOARDING!
THE ALBINO SCARCELY HEARS HIS COMPANION, AS THE NAME RACES THROUGH HIS BRAIN:
PAN TANG!
AN ISLAND OF SORCERERS, FULLY HUMAN, WHO SEEK TO EMULATE THE OLD POWER OF MELNIBONE.

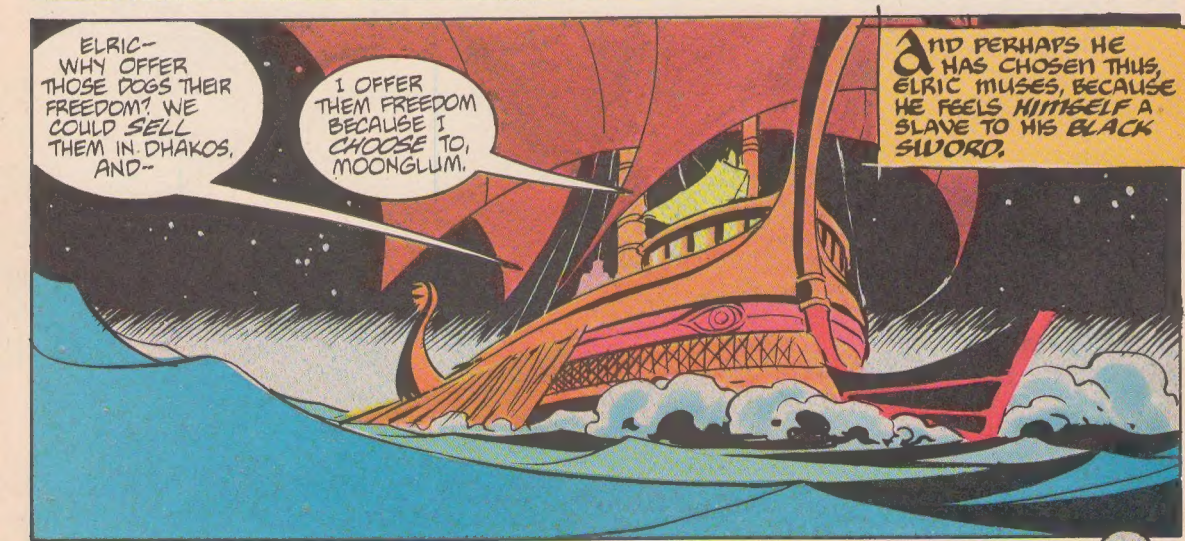
THEIR FLEETS ARE AMONG THE BEST IN THE YOUNG KINGDOMS, AND RAID WITH LITTLE DISCRIMINATION.
LIKE TODAY.
AAAA
AAAA
EVEN AS STORMBRINGER HUMS FROM HIS SCABBARD AS IF BY ITS OWN ACCORD, ELRIC RECALLS THAT JAGREEN LERN, THEOCRAT OF PAN TANG, IS REPUTED TO HAVE A PACT WITH THE POWERS OF CHAOS.
WELL, REFLECTS ELRIC... SO DO I.
IT IS HE-- THE ONE OF THE LEGEND..
AND HIS SWORD..!
YAAAARRG
JAGREEN LERN IS ALSO SAID TO HAVE A PLAN TO RULE THE WORLD.
THERE, ELRIC MUSES, WE DIFFER.
25

And now, howling like a wolf, Elric swings toward the enemy decks...
ROOOOO
...and the raiders' captain.
So you ARE the Melnibonean!
And you men of Pan Tang are but upstarts, who can never hope to mirror the glory of my ancestors!
Are we, pale man? Then try your fabled sword against my armor and grow wise!
Follow Prince Elric, men! This ship's doomed!
It glows! It's been magically treated, then?
Aye! Your people are not the only ones who know a trick or two of sorcery.

THEN LET US SEE HOW EFFECTIVE YOUR MAGIC TRICKS ARE!
MISSED!
CLANG!
SWISSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
CHUNK!
BY CHARDROS-- NOT NOT--
CHOP!
THE MAGIC-TREATED ARMOR STOPS THE DARK RUNE-SWORD--FOR A MOMENT--




NOR IS HIS OWN A SERVITUDE HE CAN END BY A MERE SLICING OF CHAINS...!



NEXT: A LIVING LEGEND COMES TO DHAKOS

HE RAISED THE FLAGG. THEN RESURRECTED THE SHADOW.
NOW THE TIME HAS COME.

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